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DEMOCRACY THE ONLY HOPE

Recent events have furnished conclusive proof of the utter inability of the Republican party to properly administer the affairs of this government. This condition arises not from the lack of brains in that party, for in its ranks it numbers many in whom the grey matter is abundant. But rather from its policies, which are wholly inadequate to meet the contingencies of varying situations.

By a system of tariff legislation, friendly to a certain class, and forgetful of the interests of the masses, the Republican party has bred and fostered the trusts that now are sucking the life-blood of the nation. The spasmodic efforts of the President—unaided by the leaders of his party—to bring to justice a few of these arch-violators will deceive but few. So far, what has been done is so plainly of a personal nature—personal to the President—as to brand the efforts Rooseveltan rather than Republican. And the facetious remark of Mr. Dooley, that "Mr. Roosevelt could easily be taken for a Democrat in the dark," becomes serious when we reflect that the President has frequently made use of the principles of Democracy as enunciated by the conceded head of that party, William Jennings Bryan.

But that the President's efforts are futile may be instanced by reference to the case of John D. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil Trust. When Judge Landis assessed fines against his "infant industry" to the amount of $29,000,000 he immediately withdrew from "active participation" $100,000,000 in United States bonds and placed them in a safe depost vault. This act alone could have precipitated the present financial crisis. But it was not alone. The stock gamblers of Wall Street, aided by financial legislation that outlawed half of our money of final redemption, waged war among themselves to such an extent that the ever trusting public who had a few dollars deposited in the banks, immediately withdrew their savings from the reach of the hungry wolves, and the financial panic was the most natural result.

Our banking system may be and doubtless is defective, and yet it arose, even above the statesmanship of the Republican party, and issued Clearing House Certificates—just as good as gold—and relieved the stringency. And in this they have taught the nation an important lesson. Oh, shades of ye Greenbackers! Did you ever expect to live to see the day of the vindication of your theories? But the conditions now rampant may be useful. They will be if they have taught the people whither to look in times of troublous storms.

The Democratic party offers the only refuge to a people beset upon every side by difficulties seemingly unsurmountable. The Democratic party is now and has ever been pledged to a tariff for such revenue only as will economically administer the affairs of government. It advocates a financial policy that respects the needs of the whole people. In its administration of policies it knows no classes, but heeds the needs of the masses. Under its beneficent rule no hydra-headed merger or uni-headed trust can tyrannize the small dealer or the wage earner. It knows no classes—before it all stand alike—capitalist and laborer—each getting a fair compensation for the amount invested or the labor performed.

It may be true that this grand old Democratic party that ruled in peace and plenty almost continuously for seventy-eight years prior to the War of the Rebellion may have made mistakes, but by them she has learned and profited. Only twice since the "unpleasantness between the States" has she occupied the White House—both times the same man at the helm—Mr. Cleveland. During the first term he was handicapped by an adverse Congress in both houses. He entered upon his second term in the midst of a natural panic and with a depleted treasury as the legacy of the outgoing Republican administration.

Athwart the political horizon can already be seen clouds indicative of the arraignment for the presidential campaign of next year. The President has, in times past, asserted that he would not again be a candidate. Recent developments, however, may make him willing to receive the nomination of his party in order to seek a vindication of his administration by the votes of the people. And if he does not himself accept the nomination, he will, like the modern Caesar we know him to be, attempt—probably successfully—to name his successor. If in control of the convention, which is altogether probable, and not wanting the nomination himself, he will demand it for one of his Cabinet—Taft, Root or Cortelyou, either of whom would reflect his personality and egotistic domination. In fact, it is Roosevelt or Rooseveltism with the Republican party. From that issue they cannot escape.

The Democratic party presents many good men for the presidency. But indications point strongly to the man who has been honored by foreign nations as the greatest private or unofficial citizen of this or any other country, William Jennings Bryan, of the United States—not of Nebraska—for one State is too small to contain him. He belongs to all the people.

In this nomination we heartily concur, but if the wisdom of the convention, requiring a two-thirds vote—now recognized and in full practice, although originally made to defeat Martin Van Buren—should decide upon another standard bearer, we shall feel that our duty as a citizen of a grand Republic in need of aid, will demand of us our support to its only hope of relief, and we will gladly give it.

YOU NEED THE "PRESS"

Evils of Race Suicide.

By CARDINAL GIBBONS.

MARRIAGE, ACCORDING TO THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION, IS NOT INSTITUTED FOR SELF INDULGENCE, BUT FOR THE REARING OF CHILDREN IN THE KNOWLEDGE AND FEAR OF GOD.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the two or three children of the small family who receive all the advantages and all the INDULGENCES that their parents can bestow are going to become the best men and women. There are a DISCIPLINE AND A TRAINING IN THE LARGE FAMILY, where the feelings and rights of others have constantly to be reckoned with, which are much more effective in preparing the right sort of men and women to meet the conditions of real life.

The race has not improved, but has SUFFERED DISASTER IN BOTH NATIONS AND COMMUNITIES where the procreation of children has not been looked upon as a matter far too SACRED AND MOMENTOUS to be left to the control of individual appreciation of its manifold and perplexing problems. The accidental occurring case of exceptional hardship for the mother, where physical health is gravely compromised, has been made far too much of. ALL IMPORTANT GENERAL LAWS BEAR HARD AT TIMES UPON THE INDIVIDUAL.

We Must Have a Fleet of Air Warships.

By PARK BENJAMIN, New York Lawyer and Naval Expert.

IF the United States is to remain in the first rank of world powers we must have a fleet of war airships. The United States is MILES BEHIND the other countries in the matter of aerial warfare inventions. France and England have huge fighters of the air that have proved their worth after many tests, but not the United States.

IN FUTURE YEARS, BEYOND DOUBT, WARS WILL BE PARTLY CONDUCTED IN THE AIR, AND EVERY COUNTRY THAT WANTS TO HOLD HER PLACE AMONG THE POWERS MUST BE ABLE TO MAKE A SHOWING WITH AIRSHIPS.

What chance would a battleship or a fort have against half a dozen great airships SOARING OUT OF RANGE OF THEIR GUNS AND DROPPING DYNAMITE DOWN ON THEM?

The only way to fight aerial war craft is to build similar craft.

We have had a cheerful way in some matters of WAITING FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES TO DO THINGS and then trailing along. What we must have is a corps of warships in the air as well as on the sea.

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THE DINKEY BIRD.

In an ocean far out yonder,
As all sapient people know,
In the land of Wonder-Wander
Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That giveth joy to me,
While the Dinkey Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree!

There the gumdrops grow like cherries,
And taffy's thick as peas;
Caramels you pick like berries
When and where and how you please;
Big red sugar plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
On the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet,
His roulades, appoggiaturas
And rebuntos so complete,
That the youth of every nation,
Be they near or far away,
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me
That the Dinkey Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

Yes, I'm sure you'd like to go there
To behold your feathered friend;
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea,
Where the Dinkey Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!
—Eugene Field.

The Mills of the Gods

I allow it must be nigh onto twenty years since me an' Caleb heerd that lecture; but it seems as if I mind a'most every word of it yet. You see, there hadn't bin much goin' on that winter; an' so, when along in January, Caleb come home from preachin'—I hed a bad spell of nuralgy that day an' didn't get out—an' sed there was goin' to be a lecture up at Nubeh on the next Friday night, I jest made up my mind that I was goin'. But I didn't let on to Caleb then. You see a man's that queer, first thing he'd sed would 'ave bin, "You can't go with ——" jest as—body could not hev nuralgy on Sabbath an' be all right agen by Friday.

Well, as I was sayin', I'd made up my mind to go to that lecture, so I sez to Caleb on Monday evenin'—it hed bin rainin' an' sleetin' all day, an' he hed bin out at Milltown after feed an' was as cross as two sticks—sez I, "You're not thinkin' of goin' to that lecture, Caleb," an' sez he, "What lecture?" jest as if he'd never heerd a word about it. An' sez I, "Oh, that heathen lecture you was tellin' me about on Sabbath day." An' he got as mad as a hornet, an' sez he, "There you go, Maria Ann Larrabee, a sailin' at things you don't know a thing about. Here I've gone and told Uncle Billy I'd take two tickets, an' now you don't want to go. I declare if it isn't enough to rile a saint."

"Well," sez I, "I don't see any saints jest 'round handy; but if you've told Uncle Billy you'd take two tickets why you'll have to take them, an' if we've got tickets we might as well go." An' go we did.

You see I'd read a bit of poetry onct an' there was a line in it about "The mills of the gods grindin'," an' I always wanted to hear somethin' more about them mills. The man that did the lecturin' wasn't much to look at—about as lean an' hungry a-lookin' mortal as I ever laid eyes on—but he could talk, an' no mistake. He jest talked about them mills till a body could almost hear the wheels hummin'. He went on to say how every mean act, every unkind word comes back to a body soon or late, an' how many a time folks go on throwin' the doin's of days an' months an' years into the hopper, not botherin' as to what kind of doin's an' sayin's the grist is made of.

I don't know as I ever heerd a more satisfyin' talk. You see that man wasn't tryin' to show off his own learnin', nor to make us see how little we knowed alongside of him. An' when a body has somethin' to say, an' can say it without tryin' to do either of them two things, it's a pleasure to listen to him.

Well, I never forgot that lecture. Many an' many's the time I've looked at the hopper and watched for the meal, an' I've listened to folks a complainin' and findin' fault with the meal, when I'd seen them a throwin' in helter-skelter, not carin' whether it was corn or cobs or even stones.

Well, well! the mills of the gods surely grind fine, an' soon or late they grind it all. But sometimes the meal makes bitter eatin'—oh how exceeding bitter; but it's got to be et all the same.

Now, there was a second cousin of Caleb's—Henry John Stone his name was—he'd lived with us quite a spell when he was little, an' Caleb an' me both thought a good bit of him, though we never liked his closeness. He married Mary Emily Lane. Nobody could hain Nkin' Henry John, he was a born worker an' that careful of his clothes, why, I mended more for one of my own children in a week than I did for him in two months.

Well, they went to housekeepin' on a place jest next to us, belonging to Henry John's aunt. Elmira Stone was her name, an' she was a terror if ever there was one. Never married, "hed no use for sech worthless truck as men," she sed. I don't know as I ever seen any of them runnin' after her; but that's neither here nor there. She hed her good points, too.

Well, them young folks hadn't been married long till I seen somethin' was wrong. Mary Emily was right proud an' high strung an' she wouldn't tell a thing, an' he never seemed to notice that things wasn't goin' jest the same as they'd alwas bin. Mary Emily worked from mornin' till night, milkin', churnin', feedin' calves and chickens, weeding garden, besides cookin' an' doin' all the house work. After the first year she quit goin' anywhere but to church. It wasn't that they wasn't gettin' along in a money way. Why, Henry John was always a braggin' to me what a good worker he'd got an' how well they was gettin' along.

But there was somethin' wrong all the same. Mary Emily's face was gettin' that hard lookin' it seemed as if she hed forgot how to smile, an' folks got to talkin' about how shabby she went, an' when they'd been married about seven years she took typhoid fever, an' I went over to stay a week or two till they could get some one. I declare an' testify that I couldn't find clothes enough to change her an' her bed twice a week, an' as for the children, I allow she must have washed out their little dresses at night an' ironed them before they got up in the mornin', not a one of them hed more than one decent dress to its back.

Well, Mary Emily died, an' Aunt Elmiry Stone came to stay with Henry John an' the children. Henry John was all broke up, couldn't do nothin' but talk to me about how good Mary Emily was, how she jest worked away an' made things do, an' never pestered him for money for finery, an' how she made over his clothes, an' hers, too, for the children, an' how he'd be savin' up money an' he'd got his horses an' cows all paid for an' some in the bank, till I could hardly keep from askin' him if her workin' was all he missed. Oh, I allow he loved her in his way, but he was close—all the Stones was close with money—close as the bark on the

"THIS HERE ONION BED'S MINE."

tree. An' when a man holds his money so close there isn't much room for love or anything else to get near him.

I took the baby home with me after the funeral, an' Henry John was over quite often. He was never done talkin' about how lucky he was to get his aunt to stay with him. Sed she had a paper made out, sayin' that things was to go on jest the same as they did when Mary Emily was alive. He wasn't to pay any rent to her an' no wages. "Jest think, Aunt Maria Ann, she don't want any rent," sez he. Well, I didn't know what to think. I knowed Elmiry Stone hed somethin' up her sleeve an' I told Henry John to be careful what he put his name to, but he sed he'd read it before he signed it; seemed as if he was so tickled at gettin' her to keep house for nothin' he didn't look too close at anything else.

It wasn't long until he told me she'd got him to draw out his money from the bank an' buy a new mower; sed she'd even go to town with him an' added some more to what he had an' got a better machine. I got it out of him that she'd had the bill made to her, an' had resented it in her name. Henry John didn't altogether like this, but there was always the thought of havin' somebody keepin' house for nothin' to keep him from makin' a fuss; seemed as if money almost shone so bright in Henry John's eyes that it kind of dulled his sight for anything else.

Well, it came along towards the last of June an' Henry John seemed to be gettin' peaked lookin', jest like Mary Emily used to the year before she died. I went over one day an' he was weedin' out an onion bed, a new one he'd made that spring under the settin' room window. He looked so worried an' miserable that I jest pulled him down on the porch step beside me. An' sez I, "Where's Aunt Elmiry?" sez I. "How's that?" an' he ups an' says, "She's goin' to the market now," an' sez I, "How's that?" an' he ups and tells me that she allowed as the farm was hers she was the one to sell the stuff. "But," sez he, "this here onion bed's mine. I'm goin' to sell these onions an' get the money for them, or I'll know the reason why."

I declare I felt like sayin' lots, but I didn't; an' things got worse an' worse, till along in September I heered Henry John jest a shoutin' over at the fence; an' I run out to see what he wanted, an' he was a wavin' an' motionin' me to come over. So I jest ran over, thinkin' one of the children hed fell or got hurt someway. But when I got there him an' Elmiry Stone was havin' it hot and heavy; seemed as if she'd sold his onion bed an' pocketed the money; an' my oh my! what a story he hed to tell; how he'd worked like a slave all summer an' milked, an' raised calves that she sed wouldn't live, an' took care of the chikens an' run the farm besides, an' how she'd sold everything an' kept the money; an' how he hadn't hed a cent to spend; an' how he wasn't going to stand it any longer.

An' she was standin 'there a holdin' out a paper to me tellin' me to read it. An' I sez to her, "Didn't you promise that things 'ud go on jest as they did when Mary Emily was there?" An' sez she, "Well, ain't they goin' on jest the same?"

An' I set down an' jest looked at her. I allowed she'd gone crazy. But she jest looked back at me. An' sez I, "Do you mean to say you hev done jest like Mary Emily usted to do?" An' she give me such a scornful look. "Me?" she sez, "me? well, I allow I'm not a fool. I didn't say who was goin' to be the Mary Emily, did I? Henry John alwus allowed that Mary Emily ought to be glad to work like a nigger day in an' day out an' never see a red cent, an' when she wanted a calliker dress she could come beggin' to him one of the dollars she'd worked as hard as him to earn. Sold yer onions an' put the money in my pocket, did I?" sez she, turnin' to Henry John. "Well, you kin jest imagine you're Mary Emily an' I'm you. Lots an' lots of times you done that to her an' she wouldn't ask for a cent. An' when she died folks hed to bring things to lay her out in. Well, you've bin Mary Emily for nigh onto a year now, how do you like it?"

Henry John jest stood there lookin' like he was goin' to fall over in a fit, an' I was dumb. As fur that dreadful woman she went up-stairs an' come down again with her bonnet on, an' as she went out the door she looked at Henry John, an' sez she, "You've had your lesson, see you don't forget it."

Well, I went home to talk things over with Caleb, an' sez he, after I'd told him what she sed, sez he, "Well, she's a holy terror, but she's about right there. Henry John's only gettin' back what he give."

An' sez I, "Yes, the mills of the gods hev bin grindin' away an' the meal isn't to his likin'. You mind that lecture, don't you?"

An' sez he, "What lecture?" jest like a man, wasn't it?

An' some folks sed Almiry Stone hed made a small fortune out of the place that year, an' some sed it served Henry John jest right, whilst there was some allowed she did it because she saw he was gitten that close an' mean somethin' had to be done to open his eyes.

As for me, I never could jest make it out to my satisfaction, but there's one thing I can say, it done him a power of good. When he married again there wasn't a better dressed nor a happier woman in Nubeh than Henry John's wife. You see he alwus was a good man, but he didn't think; no, he jest didn't think. I allow it's all for the best; but when I go apast Mary Emily in Nubeh churchyard I say to myself, "If only." But there. Them that sleeps under the green quilt need no heart salve. An' that's more than can be sed of the livin'.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

STAPLE FOOD SUPPLY LIMITED.

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Certain great food staples have proved themselves within the age-long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility and other good qualities, and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others, says McClure's. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them, when we come to consider them broadly; the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals, the flesh of three or four and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains—wheat, rice and maize—and a half-dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, one hundred or so species of fishes and shell fish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch-containing roots and tubers, only two of which—the potato and the manioc—are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food supply the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: "Nothink but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! Hin my opinion, hit's 'igh time some new hanimal was hinvented!"

Not Unusual.

Kadley—I must confess I was pretty cranky yesterday. Did the girls say anything about it?

Kandor—No.

Kadley—Strange they didn't notice my behavior.

Kandor—I guess they didn't see anything unusual about it.—Philadelphia Press.

A poor but otherwise strictly honest man says that the worst thing about riches is not having any.

Flattery is a kind of flypaper that catches silly people.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE MAN WITH THE HUNCH.

"OH, I just had a hunch." That is the way the successful man often explains a particularly wise and remunerative move on his part to the friends who want to know how he did it. "Lucky dog," the less successful ones remark as they walk away. Was he lucky? Or did he simply use a little of the ordinary amount of brains with which he was endowed. Where did he get the hunch? His "lucky" inspiration came from a habitual, intelligent use of brains. The "lucky dog" simply put two and two together and believed that they made four. He combined logic with confidence—and won.

The man without the hunch is what he is for two reasons. Either he is too indolent to put two and two together, or else after he had put them together, he was afraid that he had made a mistake and that they made something else besides four. A logical mind, ever on the alert to benefit the owner, almost without his conscious volition, is a product of careful training.

If you are complaining that you never have had any lucky hunches, set yourself now to grasp the full meaning of every minute incident that arises in connection with each day's work. Do this every day. Do not let each day be complete in itself. Relate each day with its complex activities to each other day. Soon you will discover that some incident of to-day has a direct bearing upon some incident of some other day. You may be the only person who has made this discovery. If you are energetic, you will use it to your own advantage. And there you are. Your lucky "hunch" has come. Try it. Don't be envying other lucky dogs. Make yourself an object for envy.—Chicago Examiner.

THE CAPITAL CITY.

EFFORTS are being made to create in Washington a great national university. Such an institution would find already made in the Congressional Library, the Museum, the Smithsonian Institution and the various scientific departments of the government, an enormous material equipment better than the oldest and richest universities can afford. These departments would also provide, to supplement the regular teaching force of the university, a rich corps of special lecturers and assistants.

Whatever may come of this plan, it is a significant expression of feeling long cherished in this country that the national capital ought to be the chief center of intellectual activities.

The older cities of natural growth and commercial supremacy, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and newer cities, Chicago and San Francisco, have necessarily, each as metropolis of a section, remained the brain centers of the country. Washington has never filled out and disguised its artificial framework. A seat of power and beauty, it has not become a city of homes.

As national unity develops, the capital city must become more and more the heart of the country. Berlin and St. Petersburg, hardly less artificial in the manner in which they were decreed as national capitals, indicate the possibilities of the city of Washington. It is becoming a favorite place for wealthy people to live in winter. Each year an increasing number of the interesting throng drawn to the city by special interests finds permanent lodgment there.

The geographical position, the natural facilities for traffic, without which no city can have healthy life, the unlimited resources of the government to build up a model municipality, all conspire to make Washington in every sense one of the great cities of the world.—Youth's Companion.

NATIONAL FOREST POLICY.

NOW and then from the West come protests and complaints against the policy under which the national forests are managed. Some of these are made in good faith, and should be met with a clear statement of just what the national forest policy is and how it is being carried out, others are the result of knowledge that the theft of timber, lands and minerals, and monopoly of the range, will no longer be permitted. Much of the honest opposition to the creation of national forests comes from a wrong idea of their purpose and use. They are the first outcome of a general policy that is slowly taking shape in the public mind—the conviction that our natural resources, forests, waterways and land, are put here to be used in a definite way, and that this use must be open to all alike. National forests are created to insure to the home-builder and to home industries a perpetual supply of timber, to preserve the forest cover on watersheds, and so to insure a steady and constant stream flow, and to make certain the fair and lawful use of forest and range. They are open to all persons with the sole restriction that their permanent resources shall be used in such a way that they will not become exhausted, but will remain for the use of others in the future development of the nation. The wise use of all their resources—timber, water, lands, minerals and range—is encouraged in every way. The chief aim is to make them large factors in the upbuilding of the West and in the permanent wealth of the entire country.—The Outlook.

ART IN TAPESTRY WEAVING.

Norwegian Novel and Interesting Color Schemes in Textiles.

One of the oldest weavings known in Europe is the Norwegian tapestry, or, as it is called in Norway, "picture weaving." The word "picture" in primitive times was used in place of the word "painting," and the art of weaving dates back to the eighth century, long before the art of painting was known in Norway. The weaving of Norwegian history and sages into "picture tapestry" seems most to have flourished at the time of the invasion of Normandy by the Norsemen and at the time of the Crusaders.

Tapestry belonging to these periods is exhibited in the museums of Norway and is different from other textiles not only by reason of the mythological subjects chosen for representation but by the manner of weaving, the design, however elaborate, being made absolutely reversible, alike on both sides in color as well as in outline.

Like most handicrafts, this weaving was almost forgotten until recently, when the museums and a talented Norwegian woman, Mme. Frida Koehler-Hansen, caused a revival of the beautiful art. Mme. Koehler-Hansen's works have become world known, having been sold to European museums, to the board of education, South Kensington, and to the royal houses of Europe.

At the universal exposition in Paris in 1900 a series of these textiles was awarded the grand prix and the same honor was accorded exhibits at the world's fair at St. Louis as well as in London, Hamburg and Turin. The jury at the exposition in Paris gave the following concise description and appreciation of Norwegian textile art:

"Norway's production of tapestries has been a revelation to the whole world. * * * A nation here appears which possesses in full measure an original talent of undeniable value."

In the Norwegian tapestries the wool nearly always shows a mixture of different tints in one and the same color. A few strong colors are chosen and the wools dyed in these colors are mixed together before they are spun into yarn. It is precisely the theory of decomposition of tone so modern in its application to painting. Every inch of the yarn is woven especially for the place where it is to stand in the fabric, as every tint is especially mixed for the painter's brush.

Two Phases of the Case.

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."

When a man talks, as a rule, he is representing his prejudice, or his individual trouble. Very few people condemn a thing because it is wrong, or praise it because it is right.

"PUNCH YOUR JAW," SAID YANK TO GRAND DUKE.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

While speeding toward Paris Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch was put to the trouble of coughing as a speedier car whizzed past, leaving a cloud of dust. Indignant, the Russian ordered his chauffeur to "catch that impudent dog," and the driver did his best, overtaking the offending car in a suburb, where the owner had stopped. When his car came up with the man whose dust he took the grand duke alighted, his whiskers standing on end, so infuriated was he, and approaching the car, in which the stranger had taken his seat, he shouted: "I demand an apology from you, sir! I am a grand duke, and want an explanation of your want of respect." He added some insulting epithets as emphasis.

Calmly looking over the spoiled offspring of royalty the stranger replied: "Well, I am an American, and if you don't stop your gab I'll punch your jaw." The terse reply cooled the ardor of the man at whose word millions tremble in benighted Russia. The unconcern of the Yankee tourist was such a shock that the grand duke turned hastily and went back to his car.

Our Divorce Laws.

The courts are not sufficiently careful in examining evidence; in ascertaining whether another marriage is contemplated; in using their good offices to bring the parties into friendly relations again; in making a distinction between cases where the granting of a decree would be an act of righteousness and those where it would tend still further to bring the statute into disrepute. The laws of the different States are culpable because of their lack of system, co-ordination and equity—ridiculously narrow in some, absurdly loose in others.

One root of the present evils certainly may be found in the laws for marriage. There is no other business contract so easily and carelessly entered into, concludes an article on "Divorce" in the Delineator. Boys and girls can make a contract to marry at an age when they could not make one to buy a piece of furniture. In many States no license is necessary. In some of them girls of 12 or 14 do not need the consent of parents. No publicity is required, no previous announcement; if the laws of one State offer any hindrance, the parties have but to go across the border into another. The insane may marry, feeble-minded, criminals, paupers, consumptives—the whole aim of the State is as many marriages as possible, regardless of the consequences.

The marvel is not that so many, but that so few end in the divorce court.

Of Course.

"It is nonsense to say that a man never has the last word in an argument with his wife."

"Lots of them get the last word."

"You admit it, do you?"

"Certainly; their wives hand it to them."—Houston Post.

When a girl is 16 years old, she values herself at $16,000,000, and after that never reduces the estimate.

COAST EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Condensed, Interesting Items of News Gleaned from Varied and Numerous Sources.

An Interesting Assemblage of Paragraphs that Give a Readable Review of Important Occurrences During the Past Week.

San Juan.—Joe Furtadbo, foreman of the White Star ranch at Tres Pinos, fell from a second-story window of the National Hotel at San Juan today. His skull was fractured and death was instantaneous.

Napa.—Former Congressman Theodore A. Bell, late democratic nominee for Governor and grand worthy president of the fraternal order of Eagles, has removed to San Francisco, where he will practice law.

Los Angeles.—The new Santa Anita race track will be opened on Thanksgiving day as planned. It was so announced by the management upon the receipt of a large shipment of materials upon which the completion of the park depended.

Seattle, Wash.—The steamship Indianapolis, on the Seattle-Tacoma line, ran down a cutter from the United States survey boat Explorer in a heavy fog. Two men, Joseph Van Leuwert, engineer of the launch, and George Stewart of the survey boat, were drowned.

Goldfield, Nev.—The jury in the case of George Gibson, a deputy sheriff charged with the murder of Richard Maunsell, a mining engineer, whom he shot and killed during a brawl in the Ajax restaurant, failed to agree after being out twenty hours. The jury stood eight for conviction to four for acquittal.

Vallejo.—Following the closing of the big cement works at Napa Junction and the transferring of all the office force and the foreman to the Standard Portland Cement Company's plant at Santa Cruz, the Pacific Cement Works also closed down. Both companies claim that they could not obtain enough cars to ship their output.

Vallejo.—It is not unlikely that the patrons of the local bakeries will be called upon after December 1 to pay higher prices for cakes. Local baking establishments have formed a branch of the Master Bakers' Association of the Pacific Coast. It is said that while there will be no raise in the price of bread the prices of cakes will be advanced.

Portland, Or.—J. Thorbon Ross, G. H. Hill and T. T. Burkhardt, president and vice-president and treasurer respectively of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, which suspended, were bound over to the State Circuit Court under $5,000 bonds each. Each waived preliminary hearing. The charge is accepting deposits while knowing the bank was insolvent.

Palo Alto.—The gun owned by Chester Silent, the Stanford student who was found dead four weeks ago in a lake back of the University, was found a few days ago. It was almost in the middle of the lake and nearly under the spot where Silent's boat was discovered. The question whether Silent came to his death by intent or by accident still remains unsolved.

Palo Alto.—Frank Buckhout, a well known liveryman, was instantly killed on Alma street in attempting to stop a runaway team. The team was hitched to a load of hay weighing about two tons, and when they started to run, Buckhout made a jump for their heads. In making the jump his foot slipped and in an instant the unfortunate man fell to the ground and the wheels of the heavily loaded wagon passed over his head.

Stanford University.—Manager Krupp of the Stanford student body has announced the complete receipts for the intercollegiate Rugby match played here November 9th. The total receipts were $22,000, and of this amount, after the expenses have been taken out, Stanford will receive $10,600, which is not quite as much as was made from the first game at Stanford field two years ago. However, the burlesque held in Assembly Hall after the game netted the student body $700, which is more than any football show in recent years.

Stockton.—The famous Riverside dairy and stock farm, located on Rough and Ready Island, just west of Stockton, has been closed, and Pierce Brothers, the owners, are disposing of all the blooded cattle as fast as possible. In the few years they have conducted this model stock ranch it has become known all over the world by reason of the unusually fine thoroughbred cattle on it. The celebrated Juliana de Kohl, the cow that holds the world's record for producing milk and butter, is on the farm. There are also a high number of producers.

ALIEN EXODUS BREAKS RECORDS.

Heavy Travel From New York to Europe Due to Fear of Hard Times.

New York.—By far the greatest winter exodus ever known of aliens from these shores is now in progress. Every vessel sailing to Mediterranean ports during the past two weeks has carried third-class passengers to its full capacity and those scheduled to sail between now and Christmas already are full booked, with many thousands of intending ticket purchasers left without means of transportation.

Including the first week in November, at which the annual exodus of laborers is supposed to be just beginning, 102,677 more third-class passengers had left this port during 1907 than during the same period of 1906; the excess of second-class and first-class was 14,252 and 6,729 respectively.

Steamship men who have studied the steerage movement—especially with regard to the day laborers of Italy—state it is larger and more persistent to the eastward this year than ever before and from this they argue that a large percentage of the voyagers, scenting a let up in industrial activity and with an exaggerated idea of the present financial stress, have no intention of returning in the spring.

The returning immigrants will spread the news to all parts of Europe, with the result that the number of able-bodied men seeking profitable employment in this country next spring will be lessened materially.

NEW COINS WERE TOO FAT.

Mint Officials Had to Prune the Designs to Fit the Machinery.

New York.—A Sun special from Washington says the new gold coins are badly botched because, after the St. Gaudens designs were finished, they could not be put through the mint presses on account of the unsually high relief on both sides. The changes made to meet the mechanical necessities give them a "dished" effect, as if struck with a hammer.

The dispatch states that at the Philadelphia Mint, where the machines used in making gold eagles have been altered to handle the new high relief dies, the work of turning out the new $10 pieces has been slow and expensive, while at the New Orleans, Denver and San Francisco Mints it is impossible to make the new coins at all.

The mechanical attachment which the Philadelphia Mint officers devised after several weary weeks 'study will have to be installed in other Mints of the country.

After the design for the $10 piece was approved it was found it would not stack because of high relief, and so was unfit for circulation. A few pieces from the double eagle design have been struck and their appearance is much worse than the eagle pieces.

Pastry Cook a Great Tenor.

Paris.—The director of the Nice Casino announces that he has discovered a new and wonderful tenor. He is an Italian pastry cook, 29 years of age, who has been employed selling cakes and sweets in the Casino. M. Carres, the manager of the Opera Comique, has engaged him for three years. He is to be sent to school for a year to learn French before he makes his bow to the public.

Reformed Spelling Wins.

New York.—Professor Brander Mathews of Columbia University has won another victory in his efforts toward a reform in spelling. The trustees and the university press has voted to adopt a standard of spelling which will bring into official use at Columbia, at least, 230 of the 300 reformed spellings proposed by him as chairman of the reformed spelling board.

Wad of Gum in Her Appendix.

Portland.—Eva Flood, 11 years old, the daughter of Philip Flood of Mount Tabor, complained of pains for some days. Her father brought her to the Good Samaritan Hospital here and Dr. Wiley operated upon the child for appendicitis. To the surprise of the physician he found a piece of chewing gum in Eva's appendix. The child will live.

France Not Seeking Concession.

Washington.—Secretary Root denies that the French Government has proposed to secure tariff concessions from the United States through the intervention of New York bankers as a plan for the release of gold by the Bank of France in order that the gold might be shipped to this country to relieve the present stringency.

Russian Gunboats Burned.

St. Petersburg.—A fire of unknown origin at the Baltic Shipbuilding Yards destroyed two gunboats and damaged several other vessels.

GOVERNMENT UNDERTAKES TO END FINANCIAL STRINGENCY

Washington.—Secretary Cortelyou has made the important announcement that as a means of affording relief to the financial situation, the Treasury would issue $50,000,000 of Panama bonds and $100,000,000 certificates of indebtedness, or so much thereof as may be necessary. The certificates will run for one year and will bear 3 per cent interest. The Secretary's action in coming to the relief of the financial situation meets with President Roosevelt's hearty approval.

Secretary Cortelyou says that the Panama bonds will afford substantial relief, as the law provides that they may be used as a basis for additional national bank circulation. He also states that the proceeds from the sale of certificates can be made directly available at points where the need is most urgent and especially for the movement of crops, which, he says, "if properly accelerated will give the greatest relief and result in the most immediate financial returns." The Secretary calls attention to the attractiveness of the bonds and certificates as absolutely safe investments.

Secretary Cortelyou adds that these relief measures will enable him to meet public expenditures without withdrawing for that purpose any appreciable amount of the public moneys now deposited in national banks throughout the country. Two Treasury circulars, one inviting proposals for the issue of bonds, and the other asking for the certificates, have been sent out.

In his letter to Secretary Cortelyou approving the Treasury plans, President Roosevelt states that he has been assured that the leaders in Congress have under consideration a currency measure "which will meet in permanent fashion the needs of the situation and which I believe will be passed at an early date after Congress convenes in December."

The President also calls attention to what is needed most at this time is that the people "should realize how fundamentally sound business conditions in this country are, and how absurd it is to permit themselves to get into a panic and create a stringency by hoarding their savings instead of trusting perfectly sound banks."

DEMAND IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Los Angeles.—Through a fad of British tourists to send home oranges from this State, connoisseurs and others in the United Kingdom have learned to appreciate the superiority of this fruit to that from the Mediterranean, and the demand has become so insistent that the California Fruit Growers' Exchange last week prepared to cater to it. To facilitate this business the exchange issued a large number of order blanks for specials to European countries, and forwarded them to its representatives in New York and London. This is to obviate the necessity of shipping single boxes from here to England. Agents in those cities select the specials from the stock received in bulk and relay them to the interior points desired. These specials to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are made $5 a box, and $7.50 to any other European country.

There is no great profit in the European specials, but they are proving a potent advertisement for the California product, as shown by the increasing demand, and will result in a greatly enlarged market. At present the fruit shippers receive an export rate from the railroads of $1 a hundred to New York, while the steamship companies add 50 cents to this for carrying the box across the water and landing it in London. An enlarged market in Europe will mean additional prosperity for the grower, for it means better prices on the average.

California orange growers also are giving the Mediterranean a hard run for the Australian market. They are beating them for the early demand this year, oranges from Tulare county already being well on the way to Australia and should be in the market well in advance of the Mediterranean product.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE MAY RECOMMEND POSTAL BANKS

Washington.—There is a tip from a reliable source that the President will recommend postal savings banks as one remedy for financial stringency. The President feels, it is said, that the confidence the people have in the government would prevent withdrawals of money in times of stress. Postmaster General G. V. Meyer, who is an enthusiastic advocate of postal savings banks, is said to have converted the President to his view of the necessity for these institutions.

Senator Bourne of Oregon, himself a successful business man, is studying the postal proposition with a view to advocating it in Congress. He called at the White House and told the President what he thought of the idea. Discussing it later, he said:

"It seems to me that the government could do nothing better than establish postal savings banks. I firmly believe that deposits in these institutions would not be touched, no matter how hard times might get, as the people would fear no loss."

Postmaster General Meyer estimated that $1,400,000,000 is tucked away in vaults, private boxes and all sorts of places. With this much money out of business a stringency is not to be wondered at. It is questionable if this would have happened if postal savings banks were established.

Horses Cheap in Valdez.

Tacoma.—At Valdez a year ago horses brought about any price their owners cared to ask. This year you can get horses at Valdez for about any price you care to pay. The sudden cessation of work on the Home Railway project threw a lot of heavy draft animals on the market, and early freighters over the trail from Fairbanks, who cleaned up well on their single venture, sold off their stock and came south to spend the winter. This lowered the price still more. One of the latter is D. Bartlett. He auctioned off a string of horses. "I got from $5 a head up," he said, "and let me tell you, $5 is a good price at Valdez right now."

Corea Bowing to Japanese Yoke.

Seoul.—Owing to the recrudescence of minor outbreaks in the section of Corea south of Seoul, troops have been sent to re-enforce the patrol in that district. Reports from throughout the country generally show a lessening of activity on the part of the discontented element and a gradual recognition of Japanese control. The Corean Emperor has moved into his new palace and seldom sees the former Emperor.

Kosher Markets to Close.

Patterson, N. J.—The Kosher butcher shops, which have been a storm center the past week because of riots led by angry Jewish women, resulting from the high prices of meat, have decided to close for a month.

Thousands of Cigarettes for Jackies.

New York.—Notwithstanding the report of Surgeon-General Rixey to the effect that cigarette smoking is becoming a serious impediment to robust health in the navy, the department is now loading a reserve supply of cigarettes on board the Culgoa in the Brooklyn navy yard.

The consignment consists of 4,000 packages, or 48,000 separate cigarettes. This is a reserve supply of four cigaretters for every man in the fleet.

In addition to these cigarettes a goodly supply has been laid in for every separate "canteen" in the fleet.

Fifteen thousand pounds of assorted chocolates have been laid in reserve.

Farmer Given Small Award.

Redding.—Ed F. Kiessling, who owns a small orchard at Middle Creek station, ten miles south of Kennett, has been awarded $200 damages by a board of arbitration against the Mammoth Copper Company for injury done to fruit trees and other vegetation by the smoke from the smelter at Kennett. Kiessling asked for $2,500, but is under obligation to accept the award of $200 in full settlement.

To Break Grocers' Trust.

Denver.—Attorney General William H. Dickson began an action under the common law in the Denver District Court last week with a view to breaking up the so-called grocers' trust operating in Colorado.

CONVICTS MAKE UNSUCCESSFUL BREAK.

Two Are Recaptured After Desperate Fight and Third Commits Suicide.

Reno, Nev.—The most sensational prison break that has occurred at the Nevada penitentiary for many years took place when convicts Richard Forest, James Watson and John Edwards overpowered three guards, shooting one through the hand, and taking possession of a butcher wagon in the prison yard, drove into the hills. The men were all heavily armed.

Forest and Watson were captured about four miles southwest of Carson after a short battle in which no one was injured. Both men were armed with rifles and for a short time battled with the posse from behind a pile of rocks.

At about 5 o'clock the posse in pursuit of Edwards came across his body on the mountain side back of this city. It is believed that when he saw his pals taken into custody by the posse he lost heart, and turning the gun on himself, ended his life rather than be taken back to prison and placed in the dungeon.

Forest was sentenced to serve ten years for attempting to kill Captain Cadle of the Reno police about a year ago. Watson was sentenced to serve fourteen years for robbery committed at Elko, and Edwards was serving thirty years for holding up the Oberon saloon in Reno.

BARS ALL DRINK FROM FINLAND.

Czar Expected to Veto Drastic Prohibition Measure Passed by Votes of Women.

London.—Finland last week furnished a striking example of the effects of universal suffrage, combined with virtual control by Socialists' theories. Its Legislature consists of a single chamber of 200 members. Fifty-six per cent of the voters at the last election in the towns, and 50 per cent in the rural districts, were women. Nineteen women were elected members of the chamber. The Social Democratic party elected eighty members, and it has other sympathizers.

The Legislature has just passed a drastic act for the total prohibition of spirits, wine, beer and alcohol, which may be kept only for medical and technical purposes and for the use of Russian troops. Even the use of wine for communion services is forbidden. No one may keep alcoholic drinks in his house unless he can prove that they were in his possession before the act was passed.

The police have full rights of search, and the penalties vary from a $20 fine to penal servitude for three years. There is no provision for loss of capital in breweries, distilleries and private houses. It is expected the Czar will veto the act.

Finest of Big Battleships Arrives.

San Francisco.—Majestically sweeping through the Golden Gate, the battleship Nebraska, one of the finest American war vessels that ever sailed into San Francisco harbor arrived in port Monday from the Bremerton Navy Yard. The Nebraska is without orders as to her future movements, but will remain in San Francisco until the arrival of a naval testing board from Washington, which will put the big man-of-war through her paces for her final tests preliminary to acceptance by the Government.

Insurance Companies Will Not Pay.

Kingston, Jamaica.—Notwithstanding the jury's finding in the first test case making the English insurance companies responsible for the damage done by the conflagration in January last, which, it was proved, started several minutes before the earthquake occurred the companies are determined to continue the fight by appealing to the Supreme Court.

Outburst on the Sun.

Oxford, Eng.—A remarkable outburst of the sun was observed by Professor Ambau, director of the Radcliffe observatory one day last week. An immense flame shot up at the rate of more than 10,000 miles a minute until it reached a height of 325,000 miles. In about half an hour it broke into fragments and disappeared.

After the Harvester Trust.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Attorney-General Hadley last week instituted quo warranto proceedings in the Supreme Court for the ouster of the International Harvester Company of America for alleged violation of the anti-trust law of Missouri. The company is a Milwaukee corporation.

More Submarines for Navy.

Washington.—Secretary Metcalf has signed contracts aggregating $2,270,000 with the Electric Boat Company of New York for the construction of seven submarine torpedo boats, several of the same size and type of the Octopus and others of the same type but larger.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN DOING

Important Happenings of the Past Week Tersely Related in Short Paragraphs.

Current Events in Every Part of the Globe Gathered by Many Correspondents and Briefly Reviewed for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Madrid.—The olive oil producers at a meeting here adopted a resolution in favor of a state bounty on exports of olive oil.

Parsons, Kan.—Fire that threatened the entire business portion of the city destroyed $200,000 worth of property. The fire originated in a barn where small boys were smoking cigarettes.

London.—Fierce rioting by a throng bent on a demonstration against the Kaiser occurred along the route of his return from the Guild Hall, where he was entertained by the City of London.

Honolulu.—Mrs. A. R. Cunha, well known in social circles, has secured a divorce from her husband on the ground of non-support. The defendant was a famous football player at one time on the Yale team.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Six men were killed at South Milwaukee when a fast Northwestern train plowed across a grade crossing near the station. All of the victims were terribly mutilated. All of the killed were workmen at a nearby factory.

Nashville, Tenn.—The National Women's Christian Temperance Union re-elected Mrs. Lillian Stevens, Portland, Maine, president; Miss Anna A. Borden, Evanston, Ill., president at large, and Mrs. Hanna M. D. Fry, Evanston, Ill., corresponding secretary.

Ottawa.—Photographs and official data secured by international boundary surveyors in their work of fixing the Alaska line has been lost by the upsetting of a canoe in the Bradfield river. The work may have to be done over. Five men in the canoe narrowly escaped.

Rome.—Signor Alfanian, director of the Florence Observatory, states that the sun spots, which he calculated are twelve times the size of the earth, are likely to lead to violent magnetic disturbances, resulting in storms, floods, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. The warning has attracted attention from the fact that former predictions by Signor Alfanian have been realized.

Philadelphia.—The United States mint last week delivered one million dollars in gold double eagles to the subtreasury in this city. It is stated that within the next three months the mint here will coin $52,000,000 in double eagles. This enormous amount of gold will be distributed among the various treasuries in various parts of the country and will be employed to relieve the money stringency.

Chicago.—Andrew Carnegie last week made his first gift to the University of Chicago. It is a present of $10,000 to be used for the William Rainey Harper memorial library fund. With this gift the University has a total of $130,000 toward the $200,000 it must raise to take advantage of Rockefeller's recent conditional gift of $600,000. Thus far the faculty and students have given $17,000, the trustees $70,000 and the alumni $10,000.

Chicago.—Responding to the insistent demands from the traveling public, the management of the Burlington railway has decided to install in all sleepers a machine which will record the exact temperature of the car every minute of the day and night. This will put a stop to the practice of porters going to sleep as soon as all the patrons are tucked away in bed, and permitting the car to become overheated or chilly through open windows or neglected doors.

New York.—Serious trouble in China upon the death of the Empress Dowager is predicted by Seraphin Molinatto, chief engineer of the Imperial railway, which has just been completed between Peking and Hankow. Molinatto who has arrived here on his way to his home in Italy, spent seven years in China. Signs of unrest in China are evident on every hand, he said. There is strong antagonism to a continuance of the Manchu dynasty after the death of the Dowager Empress.

Albany, N. Y.—Governor Hughes gave out a letter in which he requests that A. B. Hepburn, Edwin S. Marston, Edward W. Sheldon, A. S. Frissell, Stephen Baker and Andrew Mills, all banking or trust company officials of New York city, shall act as a committee to collect facts, receive suggestions and express their views with reference to changes deemed advisable in the laws of the state relating to the incorporation, conduct of business and supervision of banks and trust companies.

Penelope's Problem.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was nearing the first week of July. The sun blazed down on the noisy, unshaded street where Penelope Compton lived, and the air was rife with the smell of heat parched brick and pavement. Penelope's sister, Ruth, a pale, gaunt young girl, spoke from the sofa, where she lay propped up with pillows.

"Don't you think there's any way, Penelope?"

"None so far, dear," said Penelope cheerfully. "But one never knows what may turn up."

For at least a month Penelope had been hunting a place in the country that should shelter her widowed mother, her sister and herself and be within the compass of her slender purse. With two invalids boarding was out of the question, and a summer cottage, no matter how small, had so far been beyond the means of Penelope, the breadwinner of the family, a frail but determined girl, the idol of the crowded city schoolroom in which she taught. Day after day since school closed she had answered advertisements, only to be disappointed. And it was imperative that the two invalids should have country air. Ruth grew paler week by week, and Mrs. Compton—but Penelope never dared to think of that, for she needed all the courage at her command. On this particular afternoon the pathetic patience of Ruth's question nerved Penelope to further effort. Something must be found! It was a matter of life and death!

Rising suddenly from her seat by the window, Penelope caught up her hat that lay on a chair near by and began to pin it on with swift, nervous gestures.

"Are you going to try again?" said Ruth, the quickening of hope in her voice.

"I am going to take a street car—any car—and go out to the end of the line and then ask from door to door till I find what I want," said Penelope vehemently. "Do you feel strong enough, dear, to be left alone with mother?"

"Oh, yes," responded Ruth, brightening, as she always did at the expectation that their El Dorado might yet be reached.

Penelope stumbled blindly upon the first car that came. Beneath her brave exterior she was weary and sick at heart, but the keen rush of the air past her as the car left the crowded streets and took a downward grade in a more sparsely populated district was tonic and refreshing. She began to feel less tired, less hopeless. The car whizzed on through suburbs with trim, fenced in houses and green fields that stretched away in pleasant undulations. The leaves of the trees rustled, silver green in the afternoon light. When the end of the line was reached Penelope got out, her spirits rising. Surely among the cottages dotted here and there would be one that answered her requirements. But Penelope soon discovered that they were all rented. It was a thriving community, and there were no vacancies. Tears welled in Penelope's eyes, and she was forced to stop and wipe away the brimming drops. "I must find something," she said almost savagely. "I must! I will!"

A shady road opened before her. She had not dreamed that so truly rural a scene could be within easy distance of the city. Elms grew on either hand; a bird song floated down to her, drowsy with the heat; wild roses sent up a sweet briery perfume from the roadside. Cottages became fewer and fewer. Finally there were none at all. It became very still. Now and then a twig dropped or a tree toad chirred. The peace of it was balm to Penelope's tired nerves. She delighted in the flickering, leafy shadows, the warm essences of the earth. She paused to lean on fence rails and look at bits of views framed by swaying branches. She lingered to gaze at the ruins of what had once been a fine brick mansion and which now stood fire charred and desolate. A little way farther on Penelope came upon the barn belonging to it. It was a large, spacious structure, its red paint storm worn and peeling, its weathercock still twirling merrily as if in defiance to sun and rain.

Moved by an impulse she could scarcely define, Penelope tiptoed up to it and looked in its window. The interior was clean and airy. A few wisps of straw showed at the edge of the mow; the stalls were dimly hospitable. But it was the great width down the center of the barn that made Penelope thrill with sudden resolve. If only her idea were feasible! She wrenched at the door. It was bolted and did not yield. She looked in the window again and then, fired with the rapture of her find, went back along the road whence she had first come, her feet seeming hardly to touch the earth. By diligent inquiry among the cottage colony she learned that the barn belonged to people by the name of Mason, but they had been abroad for years, and a Mr. Frederick Carey was in charge of the property. Back to the city went Penelope, hunted up a directory and afterward Mr. Carey. To him she breathlessly broached her plan. Would he rent her the barn for the season?

Mr. Carey's lips twitched. Penelope was so pretty, so desperately in earnest! Then as her words tumbled over each other in her eagerness he caught a fleeting glimpse of her life, grim with struggle against desperate odds. He took off his glasses and smoothed his iron gray hair. If his own daughter had lived she would have been about the age of Penelope. He cleared his throat.

"My dear Miss Compton," said he. "I have always considered an empty barn a menace to the public. Sooner or later it draws tramps or firebugs. So let there be no talk of rent. It will be a favor—a positive favor to the Mason estate if you and your family will occupy it during the summer months. When can you move in?"

"The end of the week—by Saturday," said Penelope joyfully.

"Good! I shouldn't wonder if my wife and I were out that same afternoon to look things over before my summer vacation. And, by the way, I wonder if you'd do us the kindness to store a Boston bulldog for us during the summer months? He has healthy chest tones and teeth, and I don't think you'll be troubled by vagabonds."

"A plucky girl," he mused to himself as he watched her retreating figure. Then he chuckled softly. The rent she had offered to pay was quite sufficient in itself, but it would have been less than a bagatelle to the Masons, with their immense fortune. Mr. Carey's position was one of friendship as well as trust, which left him a margin for any altruism he choose, and he smiled inwardly as he thought of the Masons' amusement when they found to what uses their barn had been put.

It was a radiant Penelope who greeted her family at nightfall, and a week later they were ensconced in their new home. The great floor of the barn was the living room. The stalls held cots, and the loft was stored with linen and wearing apparel. Gay posters and magazine pictures decorated the walls. Bright calico cushions were piled on a sofa constructed of soap boxes. Bowls of wild flowers stood here and there. And Penelope, tripping about with a new elasticity to her step, was like a wild flower herself, joyous with bloom.

Every day the great doors of the barn were open, and air and sunshine rioted within. By night came cool, dewy odors of hedgerow and field. Week by week Penelope's mother grew stronger. Week by week Ruth lost her pallor and became more vivid, more full of life. They would stay till the sharp frosts drove them cityward, Penelope decided. As for her school—she would commute every day.

It was on an afternoon late in August that a young man on horseback came to inspect their dwelling, amused appreciation glowing in his frank brown eyes. It was Aldrich Mason, Jr.

"I hope you won't think it impertinent of me," he said, "but after the wonderful things that Carey told me when I got back from the other side I felt I had to come and see for myself how unique it was."

"Shall I show you through?" said Penelope, laughing, and he dismounted and followed. As she gave him a drink of his own well water he looked at her before he touched it to his lips. "To the pluckiest, bravest girl in the world," he said.

He came the next afternoon with books for her mother and the following one with magazines for Penelope. After he had ridden away Penelope went and stood by her favorite fence rail looking off across the fields. There came a soft thudding of hoofs behind her. Aldrich Mason was back again.

"Don't think me an infernal bounder," he pleaded, "but you know it's going to be a whole week before I see you again, and in the meantime I'd like to ask if I'm—if I'm cutting in on some one else?"

"No," Penelope said, with a smile.

"If I write to you will you"—

"Perhaps," said Penelope demurely.

"Good!" he cried buoyantly and rode away a second time.

Penelope watched him go with a happy flutter at her heart. The fairy prince had come at last, and it promised to end as all good stories and good fairy tales should, and Penelope, with a feeling that her arid life was, since her barn discovery, all touched with rainbow colors, stood looking off across the fields till the evening star and the purpling shadows warned her it was time to make the homeward way.

Practical Wives.

The wives of men of sentiment often possess a vein of strong common sense and a matter of fact nature which may at times serve to bring their poetical husbands down from their flights of fancy rather rudely.

Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful fancies to his wife, who listened with eyes cast down, apparently absorbed in his words. As he finished and waited for her appreciation to express itself she said quickly:

"Don't put on those stockings tomorrow, dear. I must mend that hole in the left one."

One day, when Sir Walter and Lady Scott were roaming about their estate, they saw some playful lambs in a meadow.

"Ah," said Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets from the earliest ages have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence!"

"They are indeed delightful animals," said Lady Scott, "particularly with mint sauce."

Frenzied Finance.

A negro down in Virginia was telling a lawyer acquaintance about another negro who owed him $2, but after continued dunning for some time positively refused to pay.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if he positively refused to pay you, what reason did he give?"

"Well, boss," said the negro, "he said he had owed me dat money fo' so long dat de interest had dun et it all up, an' he didn't owe me a cent."—New York Times.

PRESS NOTES

May all of our subscribers enjoy a feast on Turkey.

Orchard wood for sale at $7 per cord, not delivered. Apply, Mrs. L. F. Shaw, Johnson Ave.

Every family in and around Campbell should be a subscriber to the PRESS. Why not now?

The Epworth League is to give a Thanksgiving social in the League rooms Thursday evening when each one coming is expected to bring some article of food suitable for distribution to the needy. May there be a generous response.

Miss Ivy O'Connor spent the past week visiting Miss Gertrude Shelly at Hollister.

Mrs. William H. Howard has been quite ill for several days.

The Grange meets next Tuesday night, when there will be initiations.

The W. C. T. U. had good success in disposing of the articles made for the bazaar held at the Coffee Club on last Thursday. A fair sum was netted for the support of the Coffee Club.

Ada Rebekah Lodge had an open meeting Tuesday night after the regular business session. The following program was rendered: Vocal solo, Mrs. Hattie Hall; reading, Mrs. Forbes; vocal solo, Mrs. Nina Howard; song by five little girls, accompanied by Mrs. Ethel Seamans; recitation, Miss Mary Clark; vocal solo, Mrs. Hall. A banquet and social dance followed. A sofa pillow was raffled and won by Miss Bessie Brown.

On Thanksgiving Day there will be an exciting game of base ball between the Campbell and Cottage Grove nines. The game will be in the afternoon and will be played on the local diamond at the news grounds in the San Tomas dryer field.

Union Thanksgiving Day services will be held Thursday morning in the Congregational church and the sermon will be delivered by Rev. J. F. Kellogg, pastor of the Methodist church. Special music has been provided. The services begin at 10.30 o'clock.

A tourist party consisting of Mrs. C. G. Young, Mrs. M. J. Gates and Miss Hazel Parr from Nevada stopped at the Imperial Hotel yesterday afternoon. They will spend several days here taking in the sights.—*Mercury*.

The Page Dam Completed.

Page brothers have finished the work on their new dam and headgate just north of the Almaden bridge. The heavy flood in the spring washed away their former dam, which was supposed at the time to be very substantial, but very few bridges or dams were able to withstand the power of such a volume of water.

The new dam is much wider than the former one on account of the creek having been washed away to a greater extent on the west side. The heavy posts which are sunk some twenty feet are thoroughly bolted through the apron and the heavy planking used on the top and sides of the apron are very substantially spiked. Every point that might become weak has been strengthened by bolts and rods.

To comply with the requirements of the fish laws of the State a fish "shoot" has been provided where the fish can show their skill by shooting up over a waterfall of some 6 or 7 feet. This was built to suit the Fish Warden.

The headgate is of the most approved kind, providing also a very well arranged plan for carrying the ever-annoying gravel off through a sluice to the creek below the dam. This will keep the ditch below the headgate practically free of gravel.

In the construction of such a dam of course much money was spent, but now everything is in readiness for the first flood.

Substantial Work Done on Cut-off.

The PRESS editor took a bicycle spin over a portion of the new Mayfield-Los Gatos cut-off. At the point where the new road joins the regular steam road just south of Vasona, there is quite a curve where it passes through J. J. Cornell's place and quite an extensive fill was necessary at that point. The road makes a straight shoot for Sorosis, or rather a little to the southwest of Sorosis. Over this stretch of new road there are several small creeks which it is necessary to bridge and these are being constructed of concrete and are very substantially built. The one over Wild Cat and also over San Tomas creek were the largest ones on the south of the Quito Road, that being as far as we went. The new road crosses the Quito just beyond Supervisor Mitchell's home.

From the splendid manner in which the road is being constructed it is manifest that it is for steam, for it is being built as all up-to-date steam roads are now being built. We expect to have more to say about this road very soon.

Senior Class Entertained.

The Senior Class of the High School had the jolliest time of the season last Friday night, when they were entertained at the home of the Misses Shermantine at Almaden. Most of them took the Almaden train and were met by the hostesses with a big wagon which conveyed them to their destination.

A basket lunch was served at the dinner hour, after which the company tramped to the reduction works of the Almaden mines and back, spending the evening. Two members of the faculty accompanied them—Miss Catton and Mr. Snow. The other members of the party were: Misses Mildred Duncan, Hazel Brown, Audrey Keesling, Ruth Currier, Lillian Appleby, Gladys Currier, Emma Beattie, Lucy Joy, Ernestine Kennedy; Messrs. Carl Beacock, Donald Marshman, Richard Pitman.

Miss Edna Briggs Goes on Stage.

The *Herald* has this to says of Miss Briggs:

Miss Edna Briggs, who made her debut on the professional stage last night, singing the illustrated song, is a local musician well known. She is leading contralto with the St. Joseph's Church choir, and is possessed of a rich, sweet contralto voice of considerable range and power. Her engagement with the Unique Theater is only temporary, but it is stated that it will be made permanent, if she so desires. She was offered a contract by the management last night.

Miss Briggs has a wide reputation locally as a singer, having taken part in most of the recent musical events of note. Much of her success is due to a remarkable clearness of enunciation, which makes the lines she sings readily understandable. She received a splendid ovation last night.

Suburban High School Athletic League

Representatives from the high schools of Morgan Hill, Mountain View, Campbell and Los Gatos met last Saturday in the high school building in this city and perfected an organization to be known as the Suburban Athletic League, and elected the following officers:

President, Oliver Irons, Los Gatos.

Vice President, Tom Rootes, Morgan Hill.

Secretary, Max Ish, Mountain View.

Treasurer, Richard Pitman, Campbell.

A meeting of the League representatives will be held in February to arrange for the field day sports and games in March, the place to be determined at that time. College Park or Stanford may be the place chosen.—*Los Gatos Mail*.

The legislature has extended the time for paying the first installment of taxes to the last Monday in January.

Let Us Make Your Rubber Stamps, Stencils

We are prepared to furnish on short notice all styles of rubber stamps and supplies, fruit stamps, dating stamps, seals, house numbers, dog tags, etc. We make a specialty of stencil cutting and anything in the job printing line executed promptly. Quincey Calglesser Printing and Rubber Stamp Co., 24 West Santa Clara street, San Jose.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of ROBERT McCONNELL, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Robert McConnell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Karns & Whitehurst, Room 108 Ryland Building, San Jose, California, that being the place for the transaction of all the business of said estate in the County of Santa Clara.

San Jose, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1907.

W. L. NORTHERN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Robert McConnell, Deceased.

Karns & Whitehurst, Attorneys for Administrator.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.

S. R. WABE, Master.
GEORGE S. ROBSON, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

W. L. DOWTON, Noble Grand.
R. E. GATES, Secretary.

Rebekahs

Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and Third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

A. C. KEESLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. O. A. PUTNAM, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World

Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.

ALFRED BULMORE, Council Com.
L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

Fraternal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 360, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. M. J. WILSON, President
MRS. H. E. BRANDENBURG, Secretary.

Dr. Mark F. Hopkins,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence, 38 N. Second St., San Jose.
Office Hours: 11-12 a. m., 2-5 p. m.

CHAS. W. DAVISON
Attorney at Law
Room 10 City Hall, San Jose. Phone, Brown 632

GEORGE W. WALDORF
Attorney at Law
Telephone—Office Main 271
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JOHN F. DUNCAN
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Office: Bank of Campbell

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HANDY MOTH PAPER

A moth destroyer and disinfectant. Placed under carpets, or in the folds of furs and clothing, it drives away moths and worry. Twelve sheets in a packet, carriage prepaid 10c; six packets, 50c, if druggist does not have it.

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E. P. HEALD, President.

TAXES
1907

Office of the Tax Collector
County of Santa Clara, Cal.
San Jose, Oct. 14, 1907

Notice is hereby given that the taxes for the year 1907 are now due and payable.

FIRST INSTALLMENT: Taxes on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, all special taxes, and one-half of the taxes on all real property are delinquent on November 26, 1907, at 6 o'clock p. m., when 15 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

SECOND INSTALLMENT. The remaining one-half of taxes on all real property will be due and payable January 6, 1908, and delinquent April 27, 1908, at 6 o'clock p. m., when five per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax at one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in my office in the Court House in San Jose daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. to and including Monday, Nov. 25, 1907, and Monday, April 27, 1908, at 6 p. m.

The second installment of taxes is payable at my office in the Court House in San Jose.

WM. A. JANUARY,
Tax Collector of Santa Clara Co.

IMPAIRED EYES

are often hereditary. The young eyes should not be neglected

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BENJ. CAMPBELL, Vice-President
JOHN F. DUNCAN, Cashier

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO

6:32 a m, Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.
7:10 a m, Daily (except Sunday) to San Francisco, via Palo Alto.
7:30 a m, New Almaden to San Jose, Mixed.
2:45 p m, Freight.
3:10 p m, Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

8:26 a m, Freight
Leave S. F. 8:20 a m Daily, via Oakland, including Sunday, arrive Campbell 11:00.
5:08 p m, New Almaden Mixed, Daily.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, except Sunday, via Palo Alto, arrive Campbell 6:55.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, including Sunday, via Oakland, arrive Campbell 7:30.

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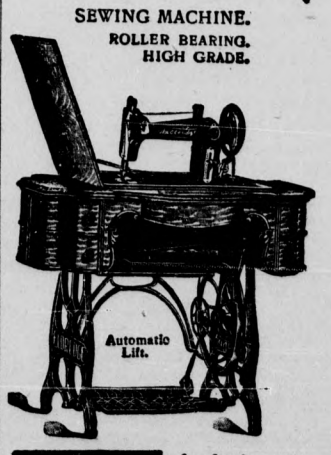

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